

Brief Notes

Faith is the rubber tire of life.

Faults are seen by a keen eye, but published by a wide mouth.

A monument of good works will last longer than a monument of marble.

Genius, unable to accomplish the gigantic task, turned it over to Perseverance.

The burden which fell from the palsied hand of Strength was carried to its destination by Patience.

Go into the world with a noble purpose, and you will go out of it in a chariot of glory.

Why did that fair looking apple fall? For answer, cut it open and look at the core. Learnest thou the lesson?

The favorite abodes of virtue are found in retirement and seclusion. Vice parades, bawls and brawls with brazen face: but virtue must be sought out.

The spurious sanctification testifies to Christ. The more we have of the latter, the less there is of the self conscious I and my.

You may *inform* a man concerning all the ordinances of the church, and you may *reform* him so that he will practice them. But this doesn't make him a Christian because there is the past record which must be blotted out somehow, and there is the new man which must be born somehow.

The NEW MAN,—that creation of the Holy Ghost, that miracle of regenerating power,—that alone is the Christian. From this premise and this alone follows the whole Christian life. He only is a son who is born into the family.

The brazen wickedness, the utter corruption, the barbaric injustice, the savage cruelty, the infamous mendacity, the horrible lust which always comes to the surface, and impudently riots in the face of day under the fostering of militaryism should forever warn free and happy America against even the least tendency toward the creation of an Army.

The cruel experience of Dreyfus is not at all a solitary or unusual one. It transpires that in Italy an innocent man, charged with a political crime which he never committed, has been confined in a dungeon for twenty years. Even in this enlightened country innocent men have been jailed, hanged, lynched. In that jungle of wild beasts which the apostle calls "This present evil world," God alone is a sure refuge. The wise man will fully put himself and all who are dear to him under the daily protection of the Father in heaven.

A suicide removed his canary bird from the room before flooding it with the fatal gas. If he had but reflected that, whether in prosperity or adversity, the Heavenly Father has the same, and a far greater, tenderness for us, and thoughtful care for our welfare and happiness, he would never have committed the awful crime of self murder.

Governor Roosevelt in his speech to a ministerial association recently, said that in his regiment of Rough Riders, he had two Methodist preachers from New Mexico, and that they were good fighters, too. If "the weapons of our warfare are not carnal," we wonder what these divines did their good fighting with? Maybe they hurled a few catechisms at the heads of the Spaniards, or a creed or two. Now we have it; all they had to do was to start a sermon, and there was no chance for the enemy but to run.

The Chicago Chemist for the Department of Health says his experiments demonstrate beyond doubt that pennies convey germs of disease. That goes to show that money is a dangerous thing to have. Better not hold it with such a tight grip, lest you become inoculated with some deadly epidemic which will carry you off. If it doesn't give you some physical disease, we are assured that covetousness, which is a money disease, is a very dangerous thing

to have. The only safe thing we can do with money is to do good with it.

A boy of six rescued two children younger than himself from the feet of a run-a-way team, but in doing so lost his own life. A tender age this to illustrate the divine heroism which for the safety and well being of others sacrifices life itself, when necessary. This was what Christ did, and if we were asked for a definition of Christianity, we couldn't give a better one.

A woman who at the age of five years emigrated from Ireland to this country, has lived here in good health for 95 years, and is now on her way to the "ould country," or already arrived there, her desire being to die in her native land. She is going home to die, which is the very opposite of the fate of the Christian, who dies to go home. What a blessed world that will be, where no one grows old. Immortal youth will be the happy state of the saved.

Two rival contestants for a seat in the United States Senate have agreed not to use money in their canvass. This is honorable for both, but at the same time it signifies a debased public conscience, in that it had to be a matter of agreement between them. The papers refer to it as something unique in politics, something quite out of the ordinary for two aspirants to this high office to refrain from using the puissant persuasion of money to secure their election. Public opinion ought to condemn the bribery and corruption of political procedure so strongly as to make these crimes impossible.

A noted millionaire, recently deceased, was described as having an air and aspect of pathetic sadness, at times. For hours he would sit in his always dark house, gazing at passers by without seeing them. What rational, healthy man, son of the bright days, bright flowers and blue skies, would want a million dollars if it cursed his life thus. Think of a man sitting in his darkened house, almost invisible in daylight, like a spider back in his hole, where you can only get a bare glimpse of him. Many a man pays a fearful price for the privilege of willing away a million dollars.

During one of her drives, not long since, Queen Victoria was startled, and her attendants greatly alarmed, because a stranger threw a folded paper into her Majesty's carriage. At first they thought it was a bomb, but it proved to be nothing more dangerous than a petition. Earthly potentates are difficult to reach now-a-days, especially if the petitioner belongs to the humble walks of life, and is destitute of influence at court. Not so, however, is it with the heavenly courts. A sincere man, be he ever so humble, may be sure that his petition reaches the Highest, and receives his earnest attention.

Kansas Masons have buried certain records in a granite crypt on Pikes peak, the crypt to be opened and the records examined 100 years hence. This suggests the well known Scriptural warning that a day comes, perhaps it is not even so far distant as the date above mentioned, when other buried records will be examined before the assembled universe, when every hidden thing will be made manifest, and every secret thing declared from the housetops. Look after that private record of yours. It's a good idea not to have anything in it now that you would like to have out of it on that day. If the record needs revising, now is the time to have it done. If expurgations are advisable, and doubtless they are, there is only one agent we know of that can do the work.—"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin."

Quiet Observer's Observations

When the blessed Sabbath came, of course I went to church. The sermon was not brilliant, but edifying, a quality which I have observed to be lacking sometimes in brilliant sermons, and it was a disappointment that there were not more people to hear it. I should say that there were 150 people present, whereas there was room for 250, which I was inform-

ed was about the number of the actual membership of the church. The blank spaces were not edified. There's nothing in a blank space to edify. I found myself wondering if there would be any blank spaces in heaven, and if so wouldn't some of these careless stay-a-ways like to occupy them. There's no doubt of that. Plenty of people want to go to heaven; but to crucify this carnal nature so as to be fit for heaven, there's the rub. It rubs the hide off, and it hurts, and that is the secret of a great deal of the enmity against inside religion.

To be sure I was following the preacher, but at the same time, particularly during the intervals when he wasn't saying very much, I was revolving in my mind this problem of the blank spaces and how to fill them. Did you never see an enterprising politician on election day, or enterprising party managers, get all the carriages and buggies they could beg, borrow and hire, and send them out to bring in the lame, halt, blind, weak, aged, tired and indifferent voters? Now why shouldn't our vigorous young Endeavorers do this same thing on a Sunday morning, and add a hundred souls to the congregation? What church will be the first to try it, and report the result thru the EVANGELIST. Surely we ought to be as zealous for God's glory as the candidate for office for his own election, or a partisan for the triumph of his political party.

Altho I was a comparative stranger to most of the congregation, I was cordially welcomed, and introduced to the leading members. Mind you, I said to the *leading* members. There were some of the poorer members who looked kindly across the church in my direction for a few moments, but as no one made a move to introduce them, presently they passed humbly out of the building. Then again I noticed an obscure stranger in the congregation, who by his devout demeanor was evidently a worshiper, but no one seemed to take much notice of him, and so far as I saw he was not introduced to anybody. All this time I was thinking of the blank spaces, and the members of the church, neighbors and strangers who did not occupy them.

After sermon Brother B, the pastor, stated that I would preach that evening, and embracing the opportunity to put in a word, I announced that if some brother would kindly pilot me, I would gladly put in the afternoon visiting the *sick* members of the church.

"The sick?" interrupted Brother B. "I—really there isn't any one sick that I know of."

Deacon Jones said that *he* didn't know of any one being sick.

"That is strange," said I. "Then I will put in the time calling on the lame, the halt and the blind members."

"Why, who has been telling you stories?" laughed the pastor. "One would imagine that this was a hospital, or a resort for invalids. On the contrary it is a very healthy community. There is neither sick, nor lame, nor halt, nor blind here."

"I am unable to account for those empty benches, then," said I, "particularly since I learn that you have nearly enough church members to fill them. Seems to me that a Christian who was able to walk at all would be here to profit by such a good sermon as we had this morning, and it cannot be but that there is a considerable number of your people in a distressing physical condition."

Then they saw the point, and there was nothing more to be said. That afternoon my remarks somehow got to the ears of the stay a ways, and when the hour for evening service arrived, I had a rousing big congregation, and when I went for Brother Stay-away, he was right there to get what belonged to him.

And some of the comers got what belonged to them, too.

QUIET OBSERVER.

P. S.—I am open for engagements at other churches.

Without a particle of evidence against him, Dreyfus the Jew, was condemned by the Rennes military court, so that the "honor of the army might be safeguarded." As a proverb, "Spanish honor" is now quite eclipsed.